

\$5,000,000 Lost on Horse Races.

It is stated that a man won and lost \$5,000,000 on horse races. For twenty years he kept at it, and most of the time he was successful. At last fortune turned against him, and today he is penniless. Gambling is a good deal like neglect of health. It can be kept up a long time, but in the end it is disastrous. Fortunes are harder to restore than health. The first step toward winning back lost health is to restore the digestive organs to a normal condition. For this purpose Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is far ahead of anything else. This remedy is a specific for indigestion, dyspepsia, fever, ague, nervousness, and sleeplessness. It is a wonderful tonic. Druggists sell it everywhere.

Uncle Josh's Theory.

Nephew from the city—Why do you have those lightning rods on your house and barn, Uncle Josh? Don't you know the theory that the rods protect them from lightning?—Uncle Josh—Mebbe not, young'un; mebbe not, but they protect me from them pesky lightning-rod peddlers.

—Chicago News.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take.

Sold by A. C. Ireland.

He Saw the Wood.

Mrs. Dix—They say Mrs. Peck speaks four languages. Mrs. Dix—Indeed! And how many does her husband speak? Mrs. Dix—Oh, he doesn't dare speak any when she is around. —Chicago News.

Two Pointed Questions Answered.

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can not get a better price for it? Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

About the Size of It.

Willie—Say, pa, what's an impressionist?

Pa—An impressionist, Willie, is an artist who gives one the impression that he sells more pictures than he can paint. —Chicago News.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of the pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sole by A. C. Ireland.

His Will vs. Her Way.

Aged Husband after a domestic storm—Well you can do as you please about going to this ball, but if you go I shall call on my lawyer in the morning and alter my will.

Young Wife—Oh, no you won't. You seem to forget that when I married you I absorbed all the will power in the firm. —Chicago News.

Mr. Hardin Norris, clerk of the drug store of R. Shoonaker, Perry, Ill., says:

"A man came into our store the other day and said, 'I want a bottle of that stuff that saves children's lives. I read in the News about it. The children may get sick when we can not get the doctor quick enough. It's the medicine you sell for croup.' He alluded to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and bought a bottle before he left the store. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

Rough on Chicago.

"Do you sell return tickets to Chicago?" asked the man outside of the ticket office. "Oh, yes. No one would go out there if we didn't," was the reply of the man inside. —Yonkers Statesman.

What to Do With It.

"They say the chair manufacturers have formed a trust." "Well, we can't sit down on that any too quick." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Veteran.

"Call yourself a veteran, when you were never out of the country?" "Well, anyway, I was doctored by a veterinarian." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Small Chip.

"Young Dealer is getting to be as inveterate a poker player as his father." "A chip of the old block, eh?" —Philadelphia North American.

The Destroyer.

"Many Ann seems to get through the dinner dishes in remarkably quick time." "Yes, there are so few of them left." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easily Explained.

"You say that you were driven into battle?" "How was that?" "Rode in with the mule train, sir." —Princeton Tiger.

New Mexico Territorial Educational Association Meeting, Las Vegas, N. M., Dec. 29, 1898.

For the above occasion the Santa Fe Route will place on sale tickets to Las Vegas and return at one fare for the round trip (\$3.35). Dates of sale Dec. 26 and 27, 1898, good for return passage until January 1, 1899.

H. S. LUTZ, Agent, Santa Fe, N. M.

W. J. BLACK, G. P. A., Topoka, Kas.

HE WANTED CIDER.

But the Honest Farmer Could Not Make a Sale.

A correspondent with a mild grievance writes as follows:

"About a fortnight ago I chanced to read in The Plain Dealer the 13 remedies for the cure of certain diseases. For rheumatism, for instance, I was told to 'drink a wineglassful of hard cider three times a day.' Now, as all my neighbors will testify, rheumatism is a good steady tenant that finds lodging in several parts of my body and is there to stay. When I read in The Plain Dealer that cider is good to drive off the unwelcome guest, I assure you I eagerly watched for a farmer of whom I intended to buy at least a barrel. At last a seedy looking individual came to my door. 'Say, mister, want to buy any cider?' Did I want to buy any? Why, that's what I had been watching for at least a week. Of course I didn't let the farmer know how anxious I was to get his liquid. On the contrary, I thought I'd put up a neat little trick to test the beverage. 'Is it pure cider? Isn't there any water in it?' asked I. 'Water?' echoed the farmer. 'You insult me. Take this cider to the city chemist and have it tested. I'll swear there is no adulteration about it. Have a couple of gallons of it, sir?' 'Look here, my man,' said I, 'I would buy a kegful of you if you had some watered. I am afflicted with rheumatism and am not allowed to drink it strong. If you will be kind enough to put some water in it and bring it to me, as I said, I'll take a kegful.' My farmer looked around suspiciously, and, putting his hand on one side of his mouth, he softly remarked: 'Say, boss, you don't think that we farmers could afford to sell pure cider for 10 cents a gallon, do you? That stuff contains only 40 per cent cider. The rest is rainwater. To tell you the truth, we drink up the genuine stuff at home. How many gallons did you want?' 'You rascal,' I roared, 'Now I've caught you! I just wanted—' I could not finish my sentence, for the honest farmer jumped on his wagon and in less than no time was galloping down the street.

"I still have my rheumatism." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Original Is Not Accurate.

This is a genuine extract from a schoolboy's recent "Essay on Nelson":

"Oh! Harding, kiss me again," were the uterful words of a heroic mortal who won a grate battle with one eye and a wooden leg. Before the bloody context this motto was uttered by him: "The queen expects every man to do his duty." Nelson was a brave man but his morals were not respectable. Once a lady whose name was Mrs. Hamington cursed him, and he said, "Oh heavens heavens when I love." When he died the queen met him in a boat and he went to St. Paul's and was buried. This is a marvellous lesson to me and all schoolboys. Do your duty to your pastors and masters and then even with a single leg you can say, "with this simple thing I can do my duty." As Nelson himself said "Even though you are only man you can do your duty." —Scottish Leader.

A Matter of Profound Indifference.

The spectacled fisherman looked at his heavy string and then he looked at the darky who sat on the fence idly swinging his heels.

"Sam," he called, "are you fond of perch?"

"Don't b'lieve I am, sah," said the colored brother. "When I grabs a chicken, I don't pay no 'tention 'tall to de perch, sah." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Favorable Symptoms.

"How's your town coming along, doctor?" was asked of the young physician who hails from a rural village.

"Doing as well as could be expected," replied the doctor, who is assiduously cultivating a professional air. "It is beginning to show symptoms of a couple of new business blocks and a bigger schoolhouse." —Detroit Free Press.

Willing to Follow.

Perry Patetic—This here paper says that Gladstones would quit his work any time to lay down and sleep.

Wayworn Watson—They is only one thing keeps me from follerin that plan, and that is, I don't work. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

In Chicago.

Mrs. Wabash—She never takes a man seriously.

Mrs. Dearborn—Indeed!

"Yes, she's giggled on every wedding day she ever had." —Yonkers Statesman.

Timely Mention.

"Harry, let me read you this article on 'Hints For Birthday Gifts.'"

"Why should you read it to me? You've been throwing hints at me for three weeks." —Chicago Record.

Fitting Name.

Pigg—Say! Why do you call that fellow 'Asphyxiate?' That is a peculiar nickname.

Penn—Because his last name is Gas-kill. —Princeton Tiger.

Changed His Mind.

Biggs—What an awfully pretty—

Mrs. Biggs—What!

Biggs—Little dog!—Judy.

Notice for Publication.

[Homestead Entry No. 493.]

LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., November 25, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register or receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on January 4, 1899, viz: Nestor Rodriguez for the S. 1/4, S. 1/4, W. 1/4, sec. 14, T. 17 N., R. 10 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Manzaneros, Refugio Salas of Santa Fe, N. M., MANUEL R. OZUNO, Register.

Holiday Rates—Santa Fe Route.

A rate of one fare for the round trip will be made for Christmas and New Year holidays, tickets will be sold Dec. 24, 25, 26 and 31, 1898, and January 1 and 2, good to return until January 4, 1899. For particulars call on agents of the Santa Fe Route.

H. S. LUTZ, Agent, Santa Fe, N. M.

W. J. BLACK, G. P. A., Topoka, Kas.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Cushions and Pillows For Interior Decoration—A Pretty Jardinere.

Fashion commands that cushions for couches and sofas should vary as much as possible in size, color and shape—that is, the loose cushions and pillows which follow the oriental style. Square, long and round forms are employed, large and small sizes and all sorts of colors. Satin, plush, velvet, foulard and eastern stuffs of various sorts and degrees of expense compose the covering. Very bright colors are frequently employed, especially where the room is dark or the woodwork and papering of a somber hue. Scarlet, orange, gold, peacock blue and bright green are all effective in such circumstances. Purple must be used with caution, as it is not a decorative color unless it is made the keynote of the entire color scheme.

The two sides of a pillow are seldom alike; nevertheless they may be so if it is desired. Printed silks and velvets with large definite designs are highly suitable for cushion covers and are usually to be found in excellent combinations of tints.

The illustration shows a pretty corner jardiniere of gilded rattan. It is draped with green plush, embroidered and edged with silk balls. The jardiniere is filled with foliage plants—small palms, ferns and caladiums—and forms an attractive decoration for the drawing room.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

TRIMMINGS.

The Decorations Most in Favor For Fashionable Costumes.

Coats and redingotes covered with embroidery, applications of lace or galloon, ruffles of mousseline de soie or beaded passementerie are to be a feature of the cooler seasons and are already announced by means of preliminary models. A great deal of decoration is used with rich effect. These redingotes, while defining the figure accurately, serve as a foundation for as much and as expensive trimming as can be afforded and applied. Embroidery upon the goods themselves continues to be the most elegant and highly prized adornment.

Costumes are seen which are entirely embroidered from the collar to the hem, the material being silk, wool or even cotton, with applications in relief of warmly tinted velvet or else with openwork embroidery over changeable taffetas. Capes and bodices are also much adorned with embroidery.

The illustration given today shows a little girl's Mother Hubbard gown of white tulle and pink velvet.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

cashmere. It is mounted on a puffed yoke of red surah, the yoke being surrounded by a border consisting of square cashmere tabs outlined with tiny bands of black velvet and guipure edging. The body of the gown is covered with alternate bands of guipure and clusters of narrow black velvet, a duncion of guipure finishing the foot. The plain sleeves have a separate puff and are trimmed with guipure bands.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A Dreadful Postscript.

In one of his campaigns Frederick the Great of Prussia, to prevent his whereabouts from being betrayed to the enemy, ordered all lights to be extinguished at a certain hour. The penalty of disobedience was to be death. The king occasionally passed through the camp at night to ascertain whether his order was strictly attended to.

One night he observed a light in one of the tents and, entering it, found an officer sitting at a table closing a letter. Asked how he dared thus disregard the king's command, the officer replied that he had been writing a letter to his wife. The king ordered him to open his letter, to take his pen and to add these words: "Before this letter reaches your hands I shall have been shot for disobeying an order of the king."

The sentence was harsh, but the crime was great, risking as it did the lives of thousands. Frederick's orders were obeyed afterward strictly obeyed.—Spurs Moments.

Hopelessly Tangled.

Professor Thinknot was about to be married and had just received an invitation to his own wedding, which he had absently mailed to himself.

"Well, well," he mused, "what does this mean? My fiancée's name on a wedding invitation! The faithless honey! And great legions! There's my name on it too! Either she's untrue or I'm about to be a bigamist." —New York Truth.

Purely Imbecile.

"Son of a gun!" hissed somebody. "Mausier?" asked another, in innocent jest.

"Of a ma, sir!" exclaimed the unconsciously imbecile, with an affection of kindness.

Nor is the law to be blamed, since the law deals altogether adequately with the subject of justifiable homicide.—Detroit Journal.



GOOD HEALTH.

A vivacious woman's face can frequently speak in more eloquent language than any known tongue. It can invite or repel, smile or frown, look cheerful or haughty, tell of a passion to tatters or humbly seek forgiveness.

It can also tell the story of health. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way sits in sorrow and dejection while her healthy sisters enjoy themselves. She may be naturally beautiful, naturally attractive, naturally interesting, and animated and witty, but the demon of ill-health is gnawing at the very vitals of her womanly nature, and she soon becomes a withered flower in comparison with her brighter and more healthy sisters.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful medicine for women who suffer in this way. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in the menstrual and reproductive system. It makes the eyes sparkle with returning vitality. It imparts animation to the mind and gestures. The fat that long lay listless and idle in the lap of an invalid again speaks the eloquent language of a healthy, happy woman. Thousands of women have testified to the marvelous merits of this wonderful medicine.

"For several years I suffered with prolapsus of the uterus," writes Miss A. Lee Schuster, of Box 17, Rodney, Jefferson Co., Miss. "Our family physician treated me for kidney trouble, and everything else but the right thing. I grew worse and worse. My body was emaciated, hands and feet chilly and cold, stomach weak, with great palpitation of the heart. I would faint at times. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and I began to improve right away. I have taken three bottles now. I am very nearly well and am very happy and thankful to you."

Keep your head up and your bowels open. The "Golden Medical Discovery" will put steel in your backbone, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure constipation.

HE WAS DISGUSTED.

And According to His Own Idea Had a Right to Be.

A typical specimen of rugged and unlettered rural life, he had managed to make his way unchallenged to the room where a number of men were busily engaged in getting up articles of pith and moment for a great publication. One of them, a particularly profound and able writer, observed the intruder. He looked at him questioningly. The visitor beamed on him and exclaimed:

"Don't mind me. Go right ahead as if nothing was happening."

The ability man looked at him disapprovingly and tried to resume his work, but the knowledge that the stranger was standing near with both hands behind his back and an expression of eager interest in his face banished inspiration.

"Did you want to see anybody in particular?" he inquired.

"No, I jest," happened along. Don't pay no 'tention to me. I don't get into town very often. These sights is a purty comfortin' change from mountain scenery, an I thought so long as I'd looked at the outside of most of the places along this street I'd like to take a squint at the inside. I s'pose these is your bus'ness hours. I won't interrupt you fur nothin' in the world if you've got work to do."

"Well, there's no doubt about my having work to do," was the slightly testy rejoinder.

"Well, go right ahead. I've been hangin' around here just out o' curiosity to see you work."

"Haven't you been seeing me work for the last 15 minutes? Haven't you seen me grabbing great thoughts out and hurling them at the world? Haven't you noticed the way the perspiration has poured off my brow as my frame shook with Titanic cerebral spasms?"

"No, I hain't noticed."

"Well, you just watch."

He took his pen and proceeded with his writing.

"Mister," inquired the stranger, as he took his hat off the top of his whip, where he had hung it on entering, "is that what you call work?"

"I should say so."

He turned in silence and walked to the door. Then he cast a look of reproach on the man at the desk.

"Jes' sets there an sticks a pen in a bottle ag'in an then drags it over the paper some more. An a full grown man calls that work! Well, I'll be dogged!" —Washington Star.

Had Learned by Bitter Experience.

"Now, George, you mustn't put it off any longer. Go to papa this very afternoon and tell him what you want."

"Yes, I know I must. Let me see. Is your papa's desk in the middle of the room?"

"No, it's against the wall in the corner farthest from the door."

"I see. The door is opposite the desk. There is no way that he could run around and get behind a follow, is there?"

"Why, George, how you talk!"

"Well, I know what I'm talking about. I don't want to slide into any office and then find that the old man is nearer the door than I am. That's the very thing happened to me the last time, and—"

"George!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Tale.

African Explorer (spinning a yarn)—Not very long ago I went out one day unarmed, when I suddenly found myself face to face with three lions.

Friend—Well?

Explorer—I fixed my gaze on the brutes, then stuck my hands in my pockets and walked away whistling an air from an opera.

Friend—And didn't the lions immediately rush at you?

Explorer—"They couldn't. It was at the zoo." —Tit-Bits.

Hunting and Heroin.

Walker Farr (the eminent tragedian)—Our American troops are good fighters, but they lack enterprise. Here I just read that several regiments have been on the verge of riot or mutiny because they had no opportunity to fight Spaniards.

Count de Ties—Well, how would enterprise help them out?

Walker Farr—Why, if they were as progressive as our theatrical organizations, every regiment would have had an advance agent out as soon as it was recruited.—Up to Date.

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Nor is the law to be blamed, since the law deals altogether adequately with the subject of justifiable homicide.—Detroit Journal.

THE SMOOTHEST TRAIN IN THE UNITED STATES.

On Sunday, November 29, the Burlington Route made a radical change in the schedule of the Chicago Special, its finest and fastest Denver-Chicago train.

Heretofore, this train has left Denver in the morning—immediately after the arrival of D. & R. G. and Colorado Midland trains from the west. It now leaves at 1:40 p. m., arriving at Omaha in time for breakfast next morning, and at Chicago at 8:15 p. m. the same day.

In other words, it runs 1,046 miles in 29½ hours—an average rate of speed of about 36 miles an hour. There are not half a dozen long-distance trains in the United States which are scheduled faster than 36 miles an hour. And there is not one—not a single one—which has as good a record as the Chicago Special for being "on time all the time."

The equipment of the Chicago Special consists of one sleeping car, one dining car, one library and two chair cars. The cars are of the newest design, and have been in service less than six months. All of them have the new wide vestibule, and are lighted with Pintsch gas.

The sleeper is upholstered in peacock-blue, and contains twelve sections and a drawing-room. The toilet rooms are unusually roomy—a circumstance to which much of the train's popularity is due.

In each of the two reclining-chair cars are seats for 56 persons, ladies' and gentlemen's toilet-rooms (with soap, marble wash-basins, comb, brush, towels, and an abundance of water, both hot and cold), and a smoking-room upholstered in leather.

Of the eleven dining-cars operated by the Burlington Route, none is finer than that on the Chicago Special. It is as bright as a new pin. The linen is spotlessly clean, the service is prompt, and on every table is a gorgeous bouquet of American Beauty roses, one of which the waiter affixes to your coat when you have finished your meal. Best of all, the a-la-carte plan prevails—you only pay for what you order.

The library car is the men's favorite retreat. It is a veritable club-house on wheels, a place where comfort reigns supreme, and where the necessity for exerting one's self is reduced to a minimum. If you want anything—today's paper, the monthly magazine, a cigar, a bottle of apollinaris, or a pillow—press a button and the smiling attendant brings it to you.

The Denver Republican calls the Chicago Special the "smoothest train in the United States." The phrase describes it to a nicety. It is a smooth train—inside and out. Its furnishings are in admirable taste, and the track over which it glides is perfection itself. Fortunate is the traveler who goes east on it. Kings fare no better when they travel, than he.

Santa Fe Route.

A. T. & S. F. TIME TABLE

(Effective Nov. 2, 1898.)

Going East

Read Down.

No. 17 No. 1.

12:30 a. m. Santa Fe, Ar. 7:15 p. m. 1:30 p. m. Las Vegas, Ar. 3:30 p. m. 1:30 p. m. Raton, Ar. 12:15 p. m. 9:30 a. m. 6:30 a. m. El Paso, Ar. 10:30 a. m. 6:30 a. m. 12:30 p. m. Pueblo, Ar. 7:30 a. m. 5:30 a. m. 5:30 a. m. Denver, Ar. 3:30 a. m. 11:30 a. m. 9:30 a. m. La Junta, Ar. 7:30 a. m. 4:30 a. m. 3:30 a. m. Dodge City, Ar. 12:30 a. m. 7:30 a. m. 6:30 a. m. Kansas City, Mo. 2:30 p. m. 11:30 a. m. 9:30 a. m. Chicago, Ill. 2:45 p. m. 10:30 a. m.

Coming West

Read Up.

No. 17 No. 1.

5:30 p. m. Santa Fe, Ar. 10:30 p. m. 2:30 p. m. Las Vegas, Ar. 12:30 p. m. 1:30 p. m. Raton, Ar. 12:15 p. m. 9:30 a. m. 6:30 a. m. El Paso, Ar. 10:30 a. m. 6:30 a. m. 12:30 p. m. Pueblo, Ar. 7:30 a. m. 5:30 a. m. 5:30 a. m. Denver, Ar. 3:30 a. m. 11:30 a. m. 9:30 a. m. La Junta, Ar. 7:30 a. m. 4:30 a. m. 3:30 a. m. Dodge City, Ar. 12:30 a. m. 7:30 a. m. 6:30 a. m. Kansas City, Mo. 2:30 p. m. 11:30 a. m. 9:30 a. m. Chicago, Ill. 2:45 p. m. 10:30 a. m.

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